

Is This Regret You Feel?

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Category: Undertale

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 21:40:32

Updated: 2016-04-17 21:11:24

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:41:45

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,006

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Probably not, but whatever it is, it hurts. You have fallen, and your mission is to protect your companion. But when you start an addiction to raising numbers in your head, things start getting a little out of hand... OC's POV Genocide Run fanfiction. Neither the reader, nor the reader's friend, is Frisk. Both of the humans are original characters.

1. Prologue

You hold their combined dust in your hands, a greenish gray substance that can only be called dust because of your prior knowledge of the subject. You let it spill onto the golden tiles, watching it the same way as you would an hourglass. Both are connected to you in some way, after all. Why would they not be in the same place?

You should be happy. He's gone, after all, your opponent, the smiling fool that took you so long to kill. He'd put up such a fight, it was almost cute. And it was most definitely irritating, too.

But in his death, she's dead for real now too. Your friend, your companion, your spark of light in your dreary black world. You killed her, was it twice now? But hopefully she'll stay dead, and also stay in that world she always talked about going to after death.

>You still killed her, like the emotionless monster you are.<p>

...Twice.

Is this regret you feel?

Probably not-you'd said before you were emotionless, at least you'd like to be-but whatever this is, it hurts.

You put your regret-your feeling, that is-away in the back of your mind and, nursing your broken wrist, start for the box at the beginning of the corridor. There's really no point, seeing as you

used all your healing items in the fight and everything but your clothing and your weapons are gone, but you think it's worth looking through anyway.

You make it to the box. You take great care opening it (karma, and a broken wrist, is a _bitch)_ and look inside to find... Nothing. As you expected. You still fish through the empty space with your good hand however, in hopes of finding _something._

And as you search, you think, thinking about what got you here in the first place, with dust on your black skirt and hoodie and hands and a broken wrist. About all the monsters you killed to get here, about all those numbers you had to raise.

Didn't the skeleton mention something about that while you fought? He'd called you a worse monster than he was, which was probably true, but he'd also said something else. You hadn't been listening, however, only taking enough time to retort that he had stolen your friend's SOUL before quickly dodging a bone aimed for your head that likely would have cracked your skull.

You shake off the memory as best you can. There's nothing in the box, as you deserve.

You pause, and if you think hard enough you can feel your sins crawling on your back.

2. Made of Memories

You had met her in a castle, years back.

Are you joking? Of course not. You don't make jokes, not when you're telling a story even mentally.

No one else knows where you met her, actually. It was in a different timeline, a different universe in itself, but somehow you still knew that, even if she didn't. Maybe it's your knowledge of time. There_ is_ no way to be sure, after all.

You had been an extremely important person in that time, almost royalty and yet not in how high your rank was. That was a time, a place, a royal family long gone. You don't like holding on to memories, but in the aftermath of this recent murder you were forced to.

It's ironic, how you don't like memories but that was truly all you were at the time. Memories, of both the past and the future. Memories didn't exist in the present, except for certain people like you who controlled psychic powers of the type you have.

There weren't many.

You were the royal family's personal Seer, instead of the others that could have been and were more qualified than you were at the time. You'd liked to think they saw your psychic potential from the inside out, but you knew even as a young child that wasn't true. As nice as the king and queen were, you knew that they only hired a child-a villager, no less-for appearances. They were lucky they got someone who could actually See.

They lucked out, but you hadn't. Being able to See left you with intense nightmares, and eventually illness (others would call it lunacy) that you had to learn how to hide. That illness took your natural sight, and left you defenseless.

You had to admit, however, royalty knew how to take care of their own. Before your world ended, they hired-there's that word again, hired-someone to take care of you and lead you wherever you wanted to go.

Her name was Kaylin. She was blonde, apparently, and had blue eyes. There was something wrong with her eyes as well, but instead of being blind she only had to wear spectacles. She didn't talk to you like she pitied or hated you, as some staff in the castle did. She talked to you like she would a friend, and though it annoyed you at first you eventually warmed up to her. She wasn't like others.

You didn't fall in love. But this was something you'd never felt towards anyone.

She insisted it was something other than love, a word that sounded foreign but you agreed that that was it. Kaylin was adamant that you didn't speak of these conversations to anyone, and you being a loner and having no one else to talk to but yourself, you agreed.

Then your world ended.

You felt a mix of fear, worry, and peace in your final moments.

Fear of death, worry for what Kay would do without you or if she was in the castle's rubble somewhere, and peace that you'd be somewhere better next time.

Then, as it felt like years later in your last Seeing, in your last true moments, you saw that you were suddenly falling and she was with you, and you trusted that she was going to support you no matter what happened in the future.

And you were at peace.

End
file.